Quisquose

Janet K. Wallace

Copyright Information

This ebook was automatically created by FicLab v1.0.113 on January 6th, 2026, based on content retrieved from www.fanfiction.net/s/14480782/.

The content in this book is copyrighted by Janet K. Wallace or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved unless explicitly stated otherwise. Please do not share or republish this work without the express permission of the copyright holder.

If you are the author or copyright holder, and would like further information about this ebook, please read the author FAQ at www.ficlab.com/author-faq.

This story was first published on June 13th, 2025, and was last updated on June 13th, 2025.

FicLab ID: PbJh3iO5/mk3bxsww/50000E5e1

Table of Contents

Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. Quisquose

Summary

---

title	Quisquose
author	Janet K. Wallace
source	https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14480782/
published	June 13th, 2025
updated	June 13th, 2025
words	1,306
chapters	1
status	Complete
rating	Fiction T
tags	Angst, Comfort, Complete, Fanfiction, Final Fantasy IX, Fratley, Freya C., Games, Hurt

Description:

A Burmecian tries to piece together the fragments of a shattered life he once had and isn't sure he'll ever have it again.

1. Quisquose

A/N: I wrote this while dealing with the fact that my mother is suffering from severe depression and is currently undergoing treatment. I really don't wish this to anyone, not even the awfulest person on Earth, so this is kind of a vent fic of sorts. It's very cathartic, you know. So, yeah… Sir Fratley's thoughts at the epilogue. Hope you enjoy, have a nice day and stay safe.

Who am I?

Somebody knows me, but I don't.

I must have fallen, hit my head and lost my memory.

Yeah, sounds about right. May not be the truth, but what else do I have? I got no name, no history, no past, no memories, no prejudices… Basically, a clean slate. But I remember a few things. I do. I remember… Back then, when things were… They were… Things were… Back then, I remember… I

can’t remember my name, though. What was it? I really don’t know.

I hear faint whispers echoing from walls that once stood here.

I see faint recollections of a life lost amongst these ruins.

I walk and it hurts a lot, but I have to keep going.

There was a war here. A carnage, a genocide. Many people died. Including me.

I am not dead. Not entirely. Ghosts do not feel hunger, they don’t feel pain, they don’t feel anything. All they had to feel in this world of sensations was taken away.

Then it happens. I hear that name once more, as if, by simply touching a slab of stone lying on the ground, I can absorb its memories… My memories. They say… They tell me I… I was… I am…

Fratley Iron-Tail.

Fratley Iron-Tail.

Fratley Iron-Tail.

Yes, that’s my name. Fratley Iron-Tail. Did I forget my own name? Why am I wearing these clothes? Where am I? I can’t remember.

This isn’t the Burmecia I knew. This isn’t my country. This isn’t my home. It’s all gone. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Why do I bother wandering into these ruins? What do I have left in this kingdom?

I feel the sun. But I can’t see the sun, it’s invisible. Must be somewhere hidden above these clouds. I smell the rain, yet why does it seem so unfamiliar now? Whatever happened to me? I feel like I don’t belong here, so small and so helpless… But I was born here. I know it.

What matters is that I need to know who I am. The waiting is unbearable, but I must be patient. Go slowly.

What am I doing? I… I must… Keep going and I’ll find out… Who I am. How much of my life have I simply idealized? For how many days, weeks, years have I been dreaming? My whole life must have been a dream for I to have forgotten so much of it.

I must be… Where am I? How did I end up here? Oh, I was walking. Yes, walking. And then,

something happened, but I don’t know what. It must have been when I lost my memory, I’m not sure, and it doesn’t matter how. It really shouldn’t matter. It’s like trying to stare at the back of your own head, you can’t see anything.

I see no past, I see no future, I see nobody. Nobody cares, so why should I? This is what happened to me, I guess. When no one else seemed to care, I certainly did, and this… This is what happened to me. There’s nothing else left of me, nothing left of Fratley, nothing to care about. Like I said, no one cares.

No one cares to listen to us. No one wants to help us. No one seems to know who we are. No one, and I swear, no one gives a shit about Burmecia. Forgive my foul language, for I… I have forgotten my manners. I forgot so many things.

How arrogant for me to believe I went to Alexandria on my own… Yes, I went to Alexandria, the better nation… Is that something I would say? Wasn’t I proud of being who I was? Maybe not anymore. So… I… Alexandria… I went there and… And I tried to convince them to… To stop waging war against each other… The nations kill each other

and they do not consider the people… I once stood for my people, but… But I…

God, where am I? I… I don’t know.

Connect thoughts… Connect loose wires.

A blue memory. Blue pain. Blue laughter.

I was happy, and so were my parents. Who were they? Why can’t I remember them? Are they still alive? I don’t know.

I left everyone behind. I thought I could cease an upcoming war on my own. I thought I could save everyone, but I lost everything in the process.

My body is trembling. My fingers are twitching. My eyes are burning. My life seeps out of me like water from my fingertips until there’s nothing left but a hollow shell once inhabited by thought, awareness, sentience, emotion, touch, sensation, hope, feeling… Fratley Irontail was an illusion searching for a truth, and for this he was beaten out of existence.

Is that the truth? Who knows, I don’t know anything, I may as well be making things up. Probably not something I’d do, but what else am I supposed to do?

The stranger beside me, sitting by the fountain… She can't hear any of my thoughts. She doesn't have to. I want to ask her her name, but I don't want to look like I forgot it a minute after she said it. What was her name again, Freya?

Yes, Freya Crescent. I know her… I met her before. I disappointed her. I made her cry. She worried about me and I abandoned her. I only left her with rumors of my death. She went halfway around the world to find me and, in the end, she found nothing… Less than nothing, to be fair.

And yet she is with me. I don't feel alone, but I deserve to be. She says she'll find a way to make me remember everything, who I am, where I came from, what I've learned in life, and it sounds hopeless, a lie even, but I just agree and nod.

Freya talks about going to Alexandria to see her friends, she can't hardly wait to see them again, I say I've been there once, we mention the weather and we just throw things in the air in the hopes that something will stick and our conversation is as meaningless as our own lives.

She's kind enough to offer a smile that lifts me up and floats me through my whole day. It's a strange feeling, I tell her that our home will be rebuilt, she

says that everything will be fine and we both laugh, I don’t know why. There’s nothing particularly amusing in our lives at the moment, but still…

We stay here in the fountain. I wrap an arm around her, she rests her head on my shoulder, we… We don’t say anything.

Silence on the streets washed by rain. Thunder is heard in the distance, nothing to worry about. It seems that only we are left… Just the two of us, marooned on this island. I said I love her, but what I really want is… I want to express myself and love Freya beyond saying that I love her, but what I have to give is nowhere as special as her smile is to me.

Table of Contents

Title Page 1
Copyright Information 2
Table of Contents 3
Summary 4
1. Quisquose 5